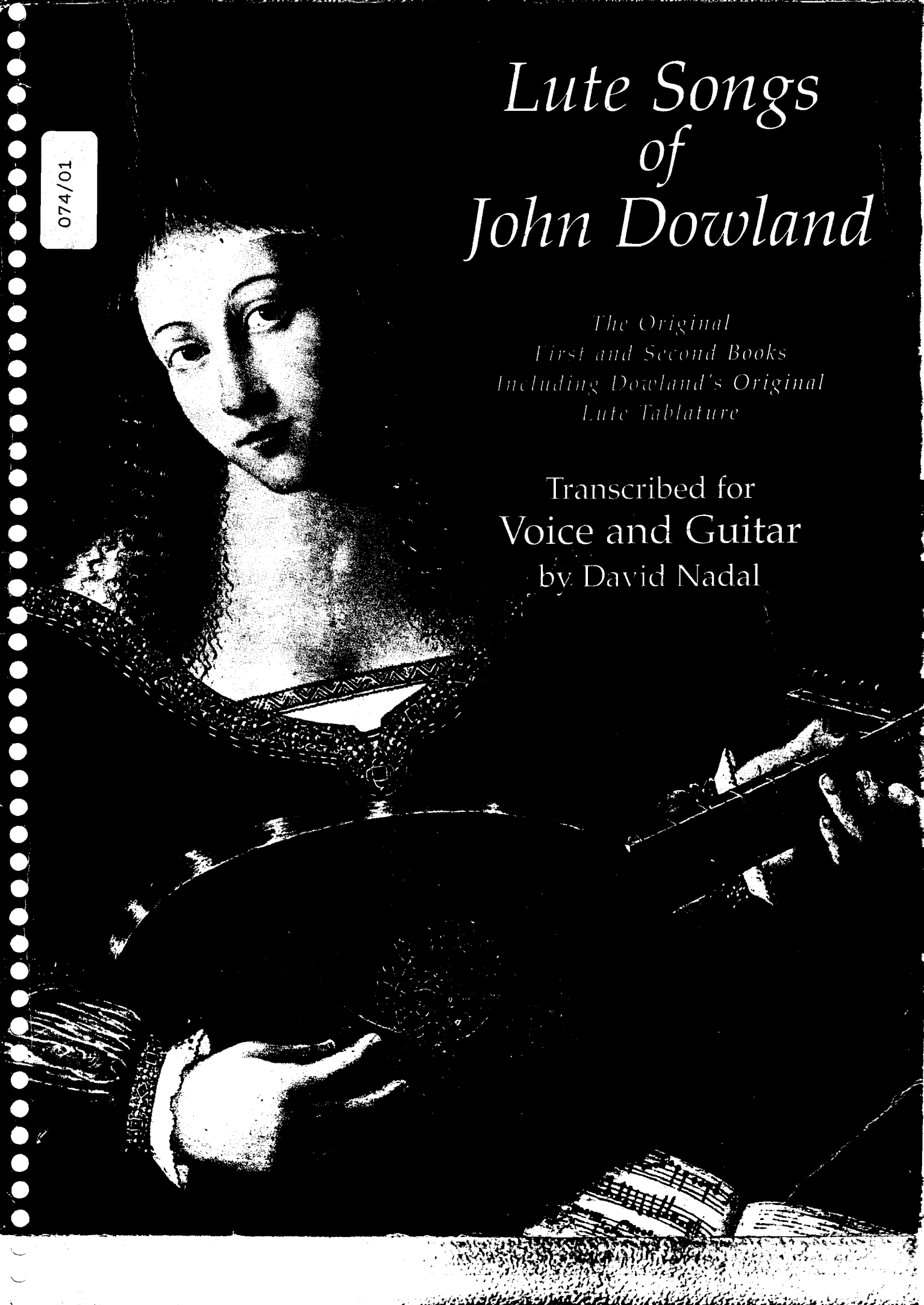


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Lute Songs of John Dowland

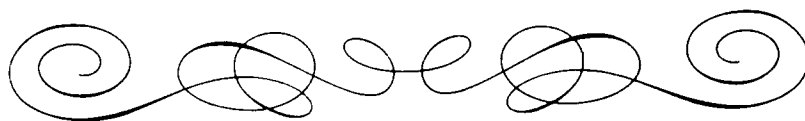
*The Original
First and Second Books
Including Dowland's Original
Lute Tablature*

Transcribed for
Voice and Guitar
by David Nadal



Lute Songs of John Dowland

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Including Dowland's Original Lute Tablature



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David Nadal

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Mineola, New York

CONTENTS

Introduction vii

About the Transcriptions ix

THE FIRST BOOK OF SONGS

I. Unquiet thoughts	4
II. Who ever thinks or hopes of love	6
III. My thoughts are wing'd with hopes	8
IV. If my complaints could passions move	10
V. Can she excuse my wrongs?	12
VI. Now, O now, I needs must part	14
VII. Dear, if you change	16
VIII. Burst forth, my tears	18
IX. Go crystal tears	20
X. Think'st thou then by thy feigning	22
XI. Come away, come sweet love	24
XII. Rest awhile you cruel cares	26
XIII. Sleep, wayward thoughts	30
XIV. All ye, whom Love or Fortune	32
XIVa. All ye, whom Love or Fortune	34
XV. Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me	36
XVI. Would my conceit	38
XVII. Come again	40
XVIII. His golden locks	42
XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd	44
XX. Come, heavy Sleep	46
XXI. Away with these self-loving lads	48
— My Lord Chamberlain his Galliard	50
(For two to play . . .)	

THE SECOND BOOK OF SONGS

I. I saw my Lady weep	54
II. Flow my tears	58
III. Sorrow, stay	62
IV. Die not before thy day	66
V. Mourn, day is with darkness fled	70
VI. Time's eldest son, Old Age	72
(The first part)	
VII. Then sit thee down	74
(The second part)	
VIII. When others sing <i>Venite</i>	76
(The third part)	
IX. Praise blindness eyes	78
X. O sweet woods	80
XI. If floods of tears	84
XII. Fine knacks for ladies	86
XIII. Now cease my wand'ring eyes	88
XIV. Come ye heavy states of night	90
XV. White as lilies was her face	92
XVI. Woeful heart	94
XVII. A shepherd in a shade	96
XVIII. Faction that ever dwells	98
XIX. Shall I sue	100
XX. Toss not my soul	102
XXI. Clear or cloudy	106
XXIa. Clear or cloudy	108
XXII. Humour say what mak'st thou here	110
(a Dialogue)	
— Dowland's adieu	
for Master Oliver Cromwell	112

Songs VI, VII and VIII of The Second Book are treated as a through-composed sequence. They form a single whole.

*But singing to the lute with the dittie (methinke) is more pleasant than the rest,
for it addeth to the wordes such a grace and strength that it is a great wonder.*

Baldassare Castiglione, 1528
(Translated by Sir Thomas Hoby, 1561)

INTRODUCTION

John Dowland (1563–1626) was one of the greatest musicians of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras, and his lute songs are among the most highly developed vocal works in the Western tradition. Having spent his late adolescence in France, the influence of the *air de cour*—most likely those of guitarist Adrian Le Roy—seems most natural as a model for Dowland's airs. But his genius lay in his distinctive blend of continental styles, an overriding element of English lyricism and the directness of the profound melancholy that dominates his work—a trait very much in accord with aspects of the Elizabethan spirit.

Dowland published eighty-eight lute songs. Eighty-five appeared in four volumes, the remaining three in his son's anthology of 1610, called *A Musical Banquet*. The immensely popular *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, published in 1597—the first English publication for voice and lute—was reprinted five times during the composer's lifetime, in 1600, 1603, 1606, 1608 and 1613. No other composer of lute songs was so complimented, nor was any other book of this type reprinted even once.

The full title of this collection reflects Dowland's awareness of the contemporary fondness for singing in a madrigal fashion:

*The First Booke of Songes or Ayres
of foure partes with Tableture for the Lute:
So made that all the partes together, or either of them severally
may be sung to the Lute, Orpherian or Viol da gambo.*

Although it seems that the solo-song version was the *ayre's* primary form, most of Dowland's lute songs were published with alternate versions for a four-part vocal ensemble, suitable as well for consort performance. In all cases the lute tablature was printed below the *cantus* while the three lower voice parts were printed so that a group sitting around the book could read each part-line with ease.

All songs in *The First Book* included four-part versions and were strophic in form. In *The Second Book*, the first eight songs were published with *cantus*, *bassus* and lute tablature only; through-composed (non-strophic) songs appeared for the first time; and the maturation of the lute part as a musically equal partner began the transformaton of the *ayre* from accompanied vocal piece to art song. Dowland published this new collection in 1600, under the title:

*The Second Booke of Songes or Ayres,
of 2. 4. and 5. parts:
With Tableture for the Lute
or Orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba*

This publication was followed by *The Third and Last Booke of Songs or Aires. Newly composed to sing to the Lute, Opharion, or viols* (1603); and *A Pilgrimes Solace. Wherein is contained Musicall Harmonie of 3. 4. and 5. parts, to be sung and plaid with the Lute and Viols* (1612).

The present Dover edition contains the complete First and Second Books in their solo-song version, including Dowland's original lute tablature together with its transcription in modern notation for guitar. All editorial work on *The First Book* has been based on the reprint of 1613, the only known source for the composer's last documented thoughts. The 1613 edition as well as that of 1606 contain substantial amendments of the three earlier versions, changes believed to have been made by Dowland himself. There is no extant copy of the 1608 edition.

David Nadal
New York City, 1996

As in a hive of bees all labour alike to lay up honey, opposing themselves against none but fruitless drones; so in the house of learning and fame all good endeavourers should strive to add somewhat that is good, not malicing one another, but all together bandying against the idle and malicious ignorant.

John Dowland, 1603

ABOUT THE TRANSCRIPTIONS

The spiritual and aesthetic connection between the lute and the guitar has long been established. The idea, however, that our modern guitar repertoire consumes the repertoire of the lute is far from true. The advent of the early-music movement has demonstrated a widespread following of lute enthusiasts and scholars unto itself—but the guitar literature has, in turn and at the same time, been happily augmented through this early-music revival.

This edition of Dowland's lute songs is presented with those thoughts in mind—a collection of small, early-music masterpieces together with their original texts, prepared with the care due them, designed as a practical performance book for the modern guitarist and singer. The availability of this deeply felt music is in itself reason to experience fully the gift it offers all musicians and audiences, encouraging us to know better this body of work through performance of all types and experimentation.

Performance particulars are as follows:

- Except for songs Nos. II and X in *The First Book*, Dowland's original note values have been halved.
- Key signatures have been modernized where it was appropriate to do so.
- Barring has been regularized between voice and guitar, but the tablature is reproduced (with errors corrected) exactly as it appeared in our source materials.
- All texts are anonymous in the original publications. Readers interested in related research may want to consult the works of Dowland scholars Edmund H. Fellowes (*The Songs of John Dowland*), Edward Doughtie (*Lyrics from English Airs 1596–1622*), and Diana Poulton (*John Dowland*), among others.
- Text spellings have been modernized for easier reading, but oddities (and some inconsistencies) of punctuation follow the style of the original publications.

TUNING AND TRANSPOSITION

Three basic issues confront the guitarist playing the lute-song repertoire:

- For the music to lie idiomatically on the instrument, it is often necessary to lower the 3rd string by one half-step, from G down to F-sharp. The resultant pitch spacing of the open strings—fourths with a third in the middle—reproduces that of the lute. Although this tuning may be slightly unfamiliar to the guitarist, it should prove, with practice, to be well worth any efforts involved in performance. The performer is of course free to choose standard guitar tuning, editing the printed guitar notation as necessary. Some songs may require little or no adjustment.
- Dowland often wrote for a lute of more than six courses. When such is the case in these compositions, minor adjustments have been made to compensate for the lower end of the lute's gamut. The transcriber has different ways of dealing with this issue (see "Types of Transcriptions," below).
- The majority of songs in this volume are in a transposing score: for voice and guitar to sound in the same key, the guitarist must use a capo on the 3rd fret. Thoughtful use of the capo will also free performers to shift tonalities to better suit the singer's ideal range. (While there was no absolute standard of pitch in Dowland's day, many expert performers of that general repertoire tune *a'* to 415 Hz.)

TYPES OF TRANSCRIPTIONS IN THIS EDITION

- *The “idiomatic” transcription*

The lute tablature is transcribed to guitar notation with the 3rd string lowered by one half-step. The majority of transcriptions in this edition are of this type.

- *The “at pitch” transcription*

This is often a successful option when the lute’s gamut extends below guitar range and the song’s architecture would be jeopardized in an “idiomatic” transcription. Here, the actual lute pitch (of a lute in G tuning) is transcribed. When this is the case, one no longer has the same pitch relationships to the open strings, so the 3rd string need not be lowered.

This edition includes two instances where performers may choose between an “idiomatic” and an “at pitch” transcription of the same song: Nos. XIV and XIVa in *The First Book*, and Nos. XXI and XXIa in *The Second Book*.

Choice is a matter of personal judgment and practical convenience in a particular performing situation. For example, if one is playing with a cellist or a gambist (or perhaps a bass or bassoon), the guitarist may not want to bother performing a bass line that would be doubled; or, if a selected set of songs is in a particular tuning, one may not want to disrupt the flow of a concert with a retuning between pieces.

- *The “hybrid” transcription*

In a few cases, tuning the 3rd string to F-sharp and the 6th string to D is the perfect solution to a problematic piece. This wonderfully resonant tuning is on display in No. XIX of *The First Book*.

D. N.

Guitarist, educator and researcher, David Nadal studied at Yale University and the Manhattan School of Music, and is currently on the Artistic Faculty at the Boys Choir of Harlem, Inc. Dedicated to expanding the guitar repertoire, he has commissioned and premiered new works for guitar, performing these as well as his own extensive transcriptions of early music. As a soloist, chamber musician and lecturer, he has appeared under the auspices of the Metropolitan Opera Young Artist Program, the Spanish Institute and the Yale Smithsonian Forum on Material Culture. Mr. Nadal is founder/director of Kithara Editions, a publishing company specializing in the guitar literature.

Lute Songs of John Dowland

The First Book

Originally published in 1597

Transcriptions based on Dowland's revised edition of 1613





I. Unquiet thoughts

Voice

Un - qui - et thoughts, your ci - - vil slaugh - ter

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

stint, And wrap your wrongs with-in a pen - sive heart: And you my tongue

that makes my_ mouth a mint, And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,

Be still: for if you ev - er do the like I'll

cut the string, I'll cut the string that makes the ham - mer strike. strike.

1

Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint,
 And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:
 And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,
 And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art.
 Be still: for if you ever do the like,
 I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

2

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start.
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die?
 When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,
 Open the lock where all my love doth lie:
 I'll seal them up within their lids forever:
 So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

3

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?
 My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.
 My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies.
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.
 Speak then, and tell the passions of desire;
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

II. Who ever thinks or hopes of love

Voice

Who ev - er thinks or hopes of love for love: Or who be - lov'd in

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Cu - pid's laws doth glo - ry: Who joys in vows, or vows not to re - move:

Who by _____ this light - god hath not _____ been _____ made sor - ry:

Let him see me e - clips - ed from my

sun, With dark clouds of an earth, with dark clouds of an

earth quite ov - er - - run. run.

1

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:
 Or who belov'd in Cupid's laws doth glory:
 Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
 Who by this light-god hath not been made sorry:
 Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,
 With dark clouds of an earth quite over-run.

2

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
 Or humble faith in constant honour arm'd,
 Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,
 Who thinks that change is by entreaty charm'd,
 Looking on me let him know, love's delights
 Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites.

III. My thoughts are wing'd with hopes

Sir John Souch's Galliard

Voice

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Mount Love un - to the Moon in clear - est night And say, as she doth in

the hea - vens move, In earth so wanes and wax - eth my de - light:

And whis - per this but soft - ly , in her — ears.

Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed — tears.

1

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.
 Mount Love unto the Moon in clearest night
 And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
 In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:
 And whisper this but softly in her ears,
 Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed tears.

2

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry,
 If for mistrust my mistress do you blame,
 Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,
 As she doth change, and yet remain the same:
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
 And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

3

If she, for this, with clouds do mask her eyes.
 And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
 With windy sighs, disperse them in the skies,
 Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain:
 Thoughts, hopes and love return to me no more
 Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

IV. If my complaints could passions move

Captain Digorie Piper's Galliard

Voice

If my com - plaints could pas - si - ons move, Or make Love
My pas - sions were e - nough to prove. That my des -

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

see where - in I suf - fer wrong: O Love, I live and
pairs had gov - ern'd me too long. Thy wounds do fresh - ly

die in thee, Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
bleed in me, My heart for my un - kind - ness breaks:

Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
pair, pair,

And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

1

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions were enough to prove,
That my despairs had govern'd me too long.
O Love, I live and die in thee,
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

2

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
Is Love my judge, and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, and yet thy power condemn'd.
That I do live, it is thy power:
That I desire it is thy worth:
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May hear Despair, which truly saith,
I was more true to Love than Love to me.

V. Can she excuse my wrongs?

The Right Honourable Robert Earl of Essex, His Galliard

Voice

Can she ex - cuse my wrongs with Vir - tue's cloak?
 Are those clear fires which van - ish in - to smoke?

Guitar at pitch

Lute

Shall I call her good when she proves un - kind? No, no: where sha-dows do for
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find? Cold love is like to words writ-

bo - dies stand, Thou may'st be a - bus'd if thy sight be dim.
 ten on sand, Or to bub - bles which on the wa - ter swim.

Wilt thou be thus a - bu - sed still, See - ing that she will right thee ne - ver?

If thou canst not o'er - come her will, Thy love will be thus fruit - less ev - - er

1

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
 Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
 Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
 Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
 Cold love is like to words written on sand,
 Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
 Seeing that she will right thee never?
 If thou can'st not o'ercome her will,
 Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

2

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
 Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
 As they are high, so high is my desire:
 If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield, to that which Reason is,
 It is Reason's will that Love should be just.
 Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
 Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die,
 Than for to live thus still tormented:
 Dear, but remember it was I
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

* The melody in the accompaniment is from the popular Elizabethan song "Will ye go walk in the woods so wild?"

VI. Now, O now, I needs must part

The Frog Galliard

Voice

Now, O now, I needs must part, Part - ing though I
While I live I needs must love, Love lives not when

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

ab - sent mourn. Ab - sence can no joy im - part:
Hope is gone. Now at last Des - pair doth prove.

Joy once fled — can - not re - turn. Sad des - pair doth
Love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.

drive me hence, This des-pair un-kind-ness sends. If that

part-ing be of-fence, It is she which then of-fends.

1

Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart:
Joy once fled cannot return.

While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove,
Love divided loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

2

Dear, when I am from thee gone,
Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.

And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie.
Till that death do sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

3

Dear, if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn,
Whom you might have joyed ever.

Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him Despair doth cause to lie,
Who both liv'd and dieth true.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

VII. Dear, if you change

Voice

Dear, if — you change, I'll ne-ver choose — a - gain. Sweet, if you

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

shrink, I'll ne-ver think — of love. Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all

beau - ty vain. Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll nev - er prove.

Dear, Sweet Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:

And, on my faith, my faith shall nev - er break. nev - er break.

1

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again.
 Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love.
 Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.
 Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
 Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:
 And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

2

Earth with her flow'rs shall sooner heaven adorn,
 Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move,
 Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born,
 Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:
 Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transform'd shall view,
 Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

VIII. Burst forth, my tears

Voice

Burst, burst forth — my tears, — as - sist my for - ward grief. And

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

show what pain im - pe - rious Love pro-vokes. Kind

ten - der lambs, la - - ment Love's scant re - lief,

And pine, since pen - sive Care my free - dom yokes. O pine, to

see me pine, O pine, to see me pine, my ten - der flocks.

1

Burst forth my tears, assist my forward grief,
 And show what pain imperious Love provokes.
 Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief,
 And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.
 O pine, to see me pine, my tender flocks.

2

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,
 At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks;
 But Mercy sleeps while deep Disdain increase,
 And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom yokes.
 O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.

3

Like to the winds my sighs have winged been;
 Yet are my sighs and suits repaid with mocks:
 I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.
 O ruthless rigour harder than the rocks,
 That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

IX. Go crystal tears

Voice

Go crys - tal tears, like to the morn - ing show'rs. And

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

sweet-ly weep in - to thy la - dy's breast. And as the dews re -

vive the droop - ing flow'rs, So let your drops of pi - ty be ad - dress'd,

To quick-en up the thoughts of my de - sert, Which

sleeps too sound whilst I from her de - part. -part.

1

Go crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs,
 And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast,
 And as the dews revive the drooping flow'rs,
 So let your drops of pity be address'd,
 To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
 Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

2

Haste, restless sighs, and let your burning breath
 Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
 Whose frozen rigour like forgetful Death,
 Feels never any touch of my desert:
 Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,
 Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

X. Think'st thou then by thy feigning

Voice

Think'st thou then by thy feign - - ing Sleep with a proud dis -

Guitar

♯ to F#

Capo III

Lute

dain - - ing, Or with thy craf - ty clos - - ing Thy

cru - el eyes re - pos - - ing, To drive me from thy

sight. When sleep yields more de-light, Such harm-less beau - ty grac - ing. And

while sleep feign - ed is, May not I steal a kiss, Thy qui-et arms em - brac - ing.

1

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
 Sleep with a proud disdaining,
 Or with thy crafty closing
 Thy cruel eyes reposing,
 To drive me from thy sight,
 When sleep yields more delight,
 Such harmless beauty gracing.
 And while sleep feigned is,
 May not I steal a kiss,
 Thy quiet arms embracing.

3

Should then my love aspiring,
 Forbidden joys desiring,
 So far exceed the duty
 That virtue owes to beauty?
 No Love seek not thy bliss,
 Beyond a simple kiss:
 For such deceits are harmless,
 Yet kiss a thousand fold.
 For kisses may be bold.
 When lovely sleep is armless.

2

O that my sleep dissembled,
 Were to a trance resembled.
 Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
 Of lively sense bereaving:
 Then should my love requite
 Thy love's unkind despite,
 While fury triumph'd boldly
 In beauty's sweet disgrace:
 And liv'd in sweet embrace
 Of her that lov'd so coldly.

XI. Come away, come sweet love.

Voice

Come a - way, come sweet love, The gold-en morn - ing breaks. All the earth, all the air,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

(♩ = ♩.)

Of love and plea - sure speaks. Teach thine arms then to em - brace, And sweet - ro -
Eyes were made for Beau-ty's grace, View - ing. - rue -

sy lips to kiss. And mix our — souls in mu - tual bliss.
ing love's long pains. Pro - cur'd by Beau - ty's rude dis - - dain.

1

Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning breaks.
 All the earth, all the air, Of love and pleasure speaks.
 Teach thine arms then to embrace,
 And sweet rosy lips to kiss.
 And mix our souls in mutual bliss.
 Eyes where made for Beauty's grace,
 Viewing, rueing Love's long pains,
 Procur'd by Beauty's rude disdain.

2

Come away, come sweet love, The golden morning wastes.
 While the Sun from his sphere, His fiery arrows casts.
 Making all the shadows fly,
 Playing, staying in the groove,
 To entertain the stealth of love.
 Thither sweet love let us hie,
 Flying, dying in desire,
 Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

3

Come away, come sweet love, Do not in vain adorn.
 Beauty's grace, that should rise, like to the naked morn.
 Lilies on the river's side,
 And fair Cyprian flow'rs new blown,
 Desire no beauties but their own.
 Ornament is nurse of pride,
 Pleasure, measure Love's delight,
 Haste then sweet love our wished flight.

XII. Rest awhile you cruel cares

Voice

Rest a - while you cru - el cares, Be not more

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

se - vere than love. Beau-ty kills and beau - ty spares.

And sweet smiles sad sighs re - move: Lau - ra, fair queen of

my de light, - Come grant me love in love's de - - spite.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics "my de light, - Come grant me love in love's de - - spite." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a figured bass line with letters (a, b, c, d, e) indicating fingerings and positions.

And — if I ev - er — fail to — hon-our thee, Let this hea - ven -

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics "And — if I ev - er — fail to — hon-our thee, Let this hea - ven -". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a figured bass line with letters (a, b, c, d, e) indicating fingerings and positions.

ly light I see, Be as dark as hell to me.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, with lyrics "ly light I see, Be as dark as hell to me." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in G major, featuring a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is a figured bass line with letters (a, b, c, d, e) indicating fingerings and positions.

1

Rest awhile you cruel cares,
 Be not more severe than love.
 Beauty kills and beauty spares,
 And sweet smiles sad sighs remove:
 Laura, fair queen of my delight,
 Come grant me love in love's despite,
 And if I ever fail to honour thee,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

2

If I speak, my words want weight,
 Am I mute, my heart doth break.
 If I sigh, she fears deceit,
 Sorrow then for me must speak:
 Cruel, unkind, with favour view
 The wound that first was made by you,
 And if my torments feigned be,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

3

Never hour of pleasing rest,
 Shall revive my dying ghost.
 Till my soul hath repossess'd
 The sweet hope which love hath lost:
 Laura redeem the soul that dies,
 By fury of thy murdering eyes:
 And if it prove unkind to thee,
 Let this heavenly light I see,
 Be as dark as hell to me.

XIII. Sleep, wayward thoughts . . .

XIII. Sleep, wayward thoughts

Voice

Sleep, way-ward thoughts, and rest you with my love: Let not my

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

love be with my love dis - eas'd. Touch not, proud hands, lest

you her an - ger move. But pine you with my long - ings long dis - pleas'd.

Thus, while she sleeps, I sor - row for her sake: So sleeps my

love. and yet my love doth wake.

1

Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
 Let not my love be with my love diseas'd.
 Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
 But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.
 Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:
 So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

2

But, O the fury of my restless fear!
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
 The glories and the beauties that appear,
 Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires,
 Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:
 So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

3

My love doth rage, and yet my love doth rest:
 Fear in my love, and yet my love secure:
 Peace in my love, and yet my love oppress'd:
 Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
 Sleep, dainty love, while I sigh for thy sake:
 So sleeps my love, and yet my love doth wake.

XIV. All ye, whom Love or Fortune

Voice

All ye, whom Love ___ or For - tune hath be - tray'd; All ye, that

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

dream of bliss but live ___ in grief; All ye, whose hopes are ev - er - more de - lay'd;

All ye, whose sighs, whose sighs, or sick - ness wants re - lief;

Lend ears and tears to me, most hap - less man.

That sings my sor - rows, that sings my sor - rows like the —

dy - - ing swan. swan.

1

All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betray'd;
 All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
 All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;
 All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief:
 Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man.
 That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

2

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
 Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
 Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain:
 But still in vain: for none my plaints will rue.
 Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
 My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

XIVa. All ye, whom Love or Fortune

Voice

All ye, whom Love — or For - tune hath be - tray'd; All ye, that

Guitar at pitch
⑥ to D

Lute

dream of bliss but live — in grief; All ye, whose hopes are ev - er - more de - lay'd;

All ye, whose sighs, whose sighs, or sick - ness wants re - lief;

Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man.

That sings my sorrows, that sings my sorrows like the —

1. 2.
dying swan. swan.

1
All ye, whom Love or Fortunes hath betray'd;
All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;
All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief;
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

2
Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view.
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
But still in vain: for none my plaints will rue.
Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

XV. Wilt thou, unkind, thus reave me

Voice

Wilt thou, un-kind, thus reave me Of my heart, of my heart.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

and so leave me, and — so leave me? me? Fare - well: Fare - well, But yet e'er I

part (O cru - el) Kiss me, sweet, kiss me, sweet, sweet my jew - el. Fare- jew - el.

1

Wilt thou unkind thus reave me
Of my heart, of my heart, and so leave me?
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

2

Hope by disdain grows cheerless,
Fear doth love, love doth fear, beauty peerless.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

3

If no delays can move thee,
Life shall die, death shall live still to love thee.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

4

Yet be thou mindful ever,
Heat from fire, fire from heat none can sever.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

5

True love cannot be changed,
Though delight from desert be estranged.
Farewell: Farewell,
But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)
Kiss me, sweet, sweet my jewel.

XVI. Would my conceit

Voice

Would my con - ceit, that first en - forc'd my woe, Or else mine

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

eyes which still the same in - crease, Might be ex-tinct, to end — my sor - rows

so, Which now are such as no-thing — can re - lease:

Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour.

And eke whose hell re - new - eth ev - 'ry hour.

1

Would my conceit, that first enforc'd my woe,
 Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,
 Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so,
 Which now are such as nothing can release:
 Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
 And eke whose hell reneweth ev'ry hour.

2

Each hour amidst the deep hell I fry,
 Each hour I waste and wither while I sit:
 But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,
 My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
 Whose hope is such, bereaved of the bliss,
 Which unto all save me allotted is.

3

To all save me free to live or die,
 To all save me remaineth hap or hope:
 But all perforce I must abandon, I,
 Sith Fortune still directs my hap a-slope.
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
 But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.

XVII. Come again

Voice

Come a - gain: Sweet love doth now in - vite,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Thy grac - es that re - frain, To do me due de-light,

To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die, _____

With thee a - gain in sweet-est sym - - pa - - thy.

a e c a e a a c c c d a b a c

1

Come again:
 Sweet love doth now invite,
 Thy graces that refrain,
 To do me due delight,
 To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
 With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

2

Come again
 That I may cease to mourn,
 Through thy unkind disdain:
 For now left and forlorn
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
 In deadly pain and endless misery.

3

All the day
 The sun that lends me shine,
 By frowns do cause me pine,
 And feeds me with delay,
 Her smiles my springs, that makes my joys to grow,
 Her frowns the Winters of my woe:

4

All the night
 My sleeps are full of dreams,
 My eyes are full of streams.
 My heart takes no delight,
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
 And mark the storms are me assign'd

5

Out alas,
 My faith is ever true,
 Yet will she never rue,
 Nor yield me any grace:
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
 Whom tears, nor truth may once invade.

6

Gentle love
 Draw forth thy wounding dart,
 Thou canst not piece her heart,
 For I that to approve,
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
 Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

XVIII. His golden locks

Voice

His gold-en locks Time hath to sil-ver turn'd.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

O Time too swift. O swift-ness nev-er ceas-ing! His youth 'gainst Time and Age

hath ev-er spurn'd, But spurn'd in vain, youth wan-eth by in-creas-ing.

(d. = d)

Beau - - ty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fad - ing

seen: Du - - ty, Faith, Love are roots and ev - er green.

1

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
 His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn'd,
 But spurn'd in vain, youth waneth by increasing.
 Beauty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fading seen:
 Duty, Faith, Love are roots and ever green.

2

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees.
 And lover's sonnets turn to holy psalms:
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
 And feed on prayers which are Age's alms:
 But though from Court to cottage he depart,
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

3

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
 Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
 Curst be the soul that think her any wrong.
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
 To be your bedesman now that was your knight.

XIX. Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd

Voice

A - wake, sweet love, thou art re - turn'd:
Let love, which nev - er ab - - sent dies.

Guitar
③ to F#
⑥ to D
Capo III

Lute

My heart, which long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now
Now live for - ev - er in her eyes, Whence came

in per - fect joy. On - ly her - self hath
my first an - noy. Des - pair did make me

seem - ed to fair: She on - ly I joys could love, end: She on - ly drave
wish to die; That I my joys might end: She on - ly, which,

me did to make des - pair, fly, When she state un - kind did a - prove. mend.
did make me pair, fly, My state may now a - mend.

1

Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live forever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.
Only herself hath seemed fair:
She only I could love.
She only drave me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die:
That I my joys might end:
She only, which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

2

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov'd.
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harms repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her dost meet,
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

XX. Come, heavy Sleep

Voice

Come, hea - - vy Sleep the im-age of true Death;

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

And close - up these - my wea - ry weep-ing eyes: Whose spring of tears doth stop my

vi - tal breath, And tears my heart with Sor - row's sigh - swoll'n cries:

Come and pos-sess my tir - ed thoughts, worn soul, That liv - ing dies, that liv - ing

dies, that liv - ing dies, till thou on me be stole.

1

Come, heavy Sleep the image of true Death:
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes:
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
 And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries:
 Come and possess my tired thoughts, worn soul,
 That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

2

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
 Allied to Death, child to his black-fac'd Night:
 Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
 Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
 O come sweet Sleep; come or I die forever:
 Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never.

XXI. Away with these self-loving lads

Voice

A way with these self - lov - ing lads, Whom Cu - pid's ar - row

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

nev - er glads. A - way poor souls, that sigh and weep, In love of them that lie and sleep.

For Cu - pid is a mea - dow God, And forc - eth none to kiss the rod.

1

Away with these self-loving lads,
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.
 Away poor souls, that sigh and weep.
 In love of them that lie and sleep.
 For Cupid is a meadow God,
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

2

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
 Doth either good or ill decree:
 Desert is born out of his bow,
 Reward upon his foot doth go.
 What fools are they that have not known
 That Love likes no laws but his own?

3

My songs they be of Cythia's praise,
 I wear her rings on holidays,
 On every tree I write her name,
 And every day I read the same:
 Where Honour, Cupid's rival is,
 There miracles are seen of his.

4

If Cythia crave her ring of me,
 I blot her name out of the tree.
 If doubt do darken things held dear,
 Then well fare nothing once a year:
 For many run, but one must win,
 Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

5

The worth that worthiness should move
 Is love, which is the bow of Love;
 And love as well the for'ster can
 As can the mighty nobleman:
 Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
 Yet without love naught worth to me.

My Lord Chamberlain his Galliard

(For two to play upon one Lute)

Player 1

③ to F#
(Capo III)

Player 2

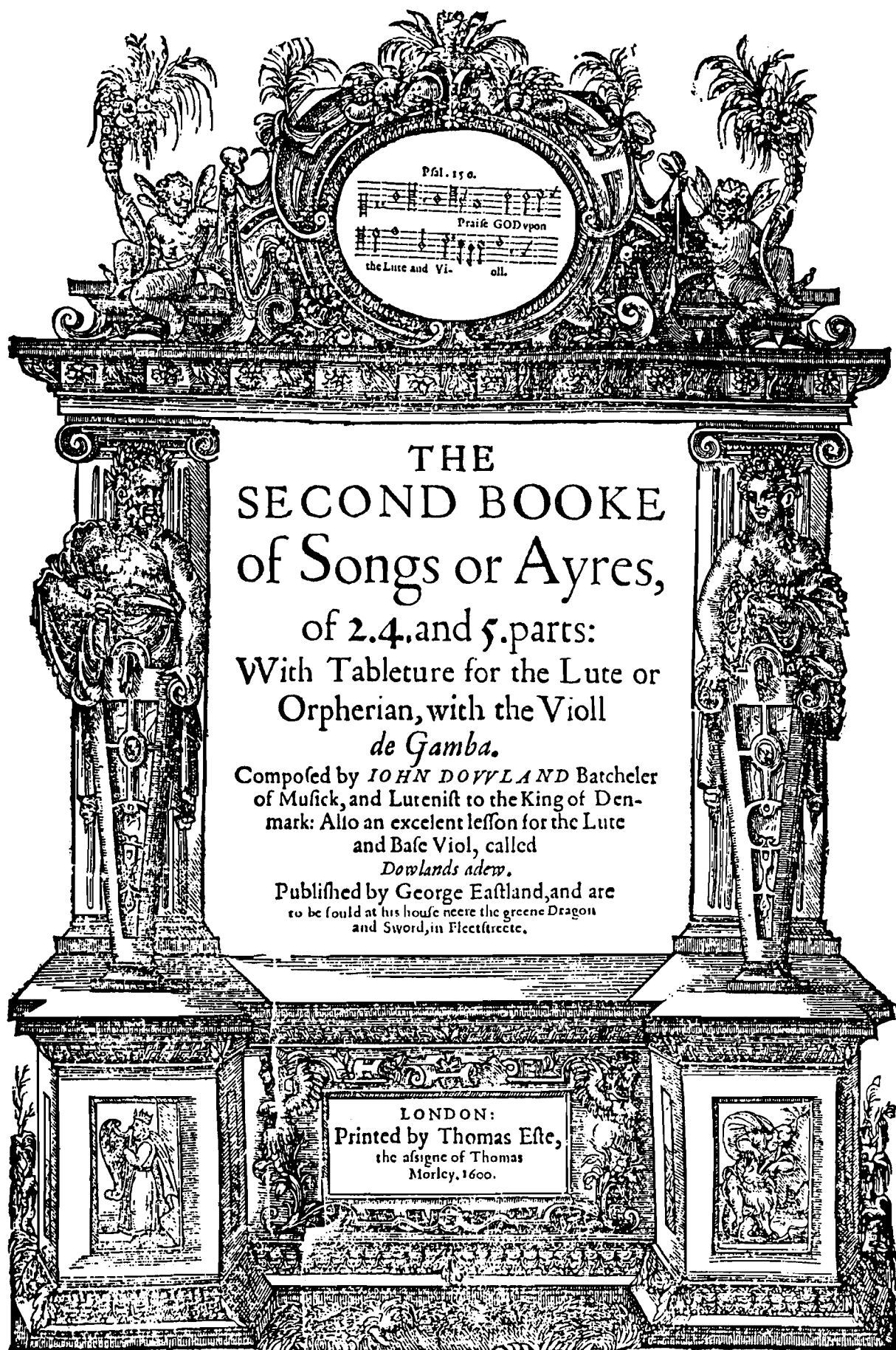
③ to F#
(Capo III)

The musical score is written for two players on a single lute, using a 2/4 time signature and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score is organized into six systems, each with two staves. Player 1's part is written on the upper staff of each system, and Player 2's part is on the lower staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the sixth system.

The Second Book

Transcriptions based on the original edition of 1600





Psal. 150.
Praise GOD vpon
the Lute and Violl.

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres,
of 2. 4. and 5. parts:
With Tableture for the Lute or
Orpherian, with the Violl
de Gamba.

Composed by *JOHN DOWLAND* Batcheler
of Musick, and Lutenist to the King of Den-
mark: Also an excelent lesson for the Lute
and Base Violl, called
Dowlands adew.

Published by George Eastland, and are
to be sould at his house neere the Greene Dragon
and Sword, in Fleetstreete.

LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Este,
the assigne of Thomas
Morley, 1600.

I. I saw my Lady weep

To the most famous, Anthony Holborne

Voice

Guitar at pitch

Lute

— La - dy weep, And sor - - row proud to be _

_ ad - vanc - ed so: In those fair eyes, in those fair

eyes where all per-fec - tions keep, Her face was full of woe,

full of woe, But such a woe (be-lieve me) as wins more hearts,

Than Mirth can do with her, with her en - tic - ing parts.

1

I saw my Lady weep,
And sorrow proud to be advanced so:
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep,
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

2

Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion wise, tears a delightful thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

3

O fairer than aught else,
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve,
Enough, enough, your joyful looks excels,
Tears kills the heart believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

II. Flow my tears . . .

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae

Voice

Flow my_ tears fall — from your springs, Ex - il'd for ev - er let me mourn: Where
Down vain_ lights shine — you no more, No nights are dark e - nough for those That

Guitar
at pitch
⑥ to D

Lute

night's black bird her sad in - fa - my sings, There let me live for - lorn.
in des - pair their last for - tunes de - plore, Light doth but shame dis - close.

Nev - er may my woes — be re - liev - ed, Since pi - ty is fled,
From the high - est spire — of con - tent - ment, My for - tune is thrown.

And tears, and sighs, and groans my wea - ry days, my wea - ry days
And fear, and grief, and pain for my de - serts, for my de-serts

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The upper staff contains chords and single notes, while the lower staff contains a figured bass line with letters (a, c, d, e, f) and accidentals (#, b) indicating fingerings and pitch.

Of all joys have de - priv - ed. Hark you sha - dows that in dark - ness
Are my hopes since hope is gone.

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with many beamed sixteenth notes. The lower staff contains a figured bass line with letters and accidentals.

dwel, Learn to con - temn light, Hap - py, hap -

The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with some rests. The lower staff contains a figured bass line with letters and accidentals.

py they that in Hell Feel not the world's de spite.

1

Flow my tears fall from your springs.
 Exil'd forever: let me mourn
 Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
 There let me live forlorn.

2

Down vain lights shine you no more,
 No nights are dark enough for those
 That in despair their last fortunes deplore,
 Light doth but shame disclose.

3

Never may my woes be relieved,
 Since pity is fled,
 And tears, and sighs, and groans my weary days
 Of all joys have deprived.

4

From the highest spire of contentment,
 My fortune is thrown,
 And fear, and grief, and pain for my deserts
 Are my hopes since hope is gone.

5

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell,
 Learn to contemn light,
 Happy, happy they that in Hell
 Feel not the world's despite.

III. Sorrow, stay . . .

III. Sorrow, stay

Voice

Sor - row, sor - row, stay. lend true re - pen - tant

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

tears, To a woe - ful, woe - ful wretch - ed wight,

Hence, hence des - pair with thy tor - ment - ing fears: do not,

O do not my heart, poor heart af-fright. Pi-ty, pi-ty, pi-ty.

The musical score consists of three staves:

- Vocal Melody:** The top staff features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes: "Pi - ty, pi-ty pi - ty, help now or nev - er, Mark me not to end - less _".
- Piano Accompaniment:** The middle staff uses a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two sharps (D major). It provides harmonic support for the vocal line.
- Figured Bass:** The bottom staff contains numerical figures for a basso continuo player. These figures correspond to specific intervals and chords relative to the bass line.

pain. mark me not to end - less - pain, A - las I am con-demn'd.

A-las I am con - demn'd, I am con-demn-ed ev - er, No hope. no help there doth re -

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and a lute line. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lute line is written on a six-line staff with letters (a, b, c, d, e) indicating fret positions. The lyrics are: "A-las I am con - demn'd, I am con-demn-ed ev - er, No hope. no help there doth re -".

main, But down, down, down, down_ I fall, but down, down. down, down — I fall, down and a - rise.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lute line continues with its six-line staff and letter-based tablature. The lyrics are: "main, But down, down, down, down_ I fall, but down, down. down, down — I fall, down and a - rise."

down and a - rise _____ I nev - er shall. But down, down, down, down -

The third system concludes the musical score. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lute line continues with its six-line staff and letter-based tablature. The lyrics are: "down and a - rise _____ I nev - er shall. But down, down, down, down -".

I fall, but down, down, down, down — I fall, down and a - rise, down and a - rise

I nev - er shall.

Sorrow, stay, lend true repentant tears,
 To a woeful wretched wight,
 Hence, Despair with thy tormenting fears:
 O do not my poor heart affright.
 Pity, help now or never,
 Mark me not to endless pain,
 Alas I am condemned ever,
 No hope, no help there doth remain,
 But down, down, down, down I fall,
 And arise I never shall.

IV. Die not before thy day

Voice

Die not be - fore thy day, poor, poor man con-demn-ed,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

But lift thy low looks, but lift thy low looks from the hum - ble earth, Kiss

not Des - pair and see sweet Hope con - temn - ed: The hag hath no de - light,

— but moan. — but moan for mirth. O fie — poor fond — ling,

The first system of music includes a vocal melody with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a basso continuo line with figured bass notation. The lyrics are: "— but moan. — but moan for mirth. O fie — poor fond — ling,".

O fie — poor fond — ling, fie fie be will-ing, To pre — serve thy-self from kill-ing:

The second system of music includes a vocal melody with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a basso continuo line with figured bass notation. The lyrics are: "O fie — poor fond — ling, fie fie be will-ing, To pre — serve thy-self from kill-ing:".

(♩ = ♩.)

Hope thy keep — er glad to free thee, Bids thee go and will not see thee.

The third system of music includes a vocal melody with lyrics, a piano accompaniment, and a basso continuo line with figured bass notation. The lyrics are: "Hope thy keep — er glad to free thee, Bids thee go and will not see thee.".

Hie thee quick-ly from thy wrong, So she ends her will - ing song.

Tablature:
 Line 6: b a a c d a c e a b a a
 Line 5: a a c c b c a b d a c d a c a a e a
 Line 4: d c a d c a c d a d a c a a e a

Die not before thy day, poor man condemned,
 But lift thy low looks from the humble earth,
 Kiss not Despair and see sweet Hope condemned:
 The hag hath no delight, but moan for mirth,
 O fie poor fondling fie be willing,

To preserve thyself from killing:
 Hope thy keeper glad to free thee,
 Bids thee go and will not see thee,
 Hie thee quickly from thy wrong,
 So ends her willing song.

V. Mourn, day is with darkness fled . . .

V. Mourn, day is with darkness fled

(d = d.)

Voice

Mourn, mourn, day is with dark - ness fled, What heav'n then gov - erns earth,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

(d = d)

O none, but hell in heav-en's stead, Chokes with his mists our mirth.

(d = d.)

Mourn, mourn, look now for no more day Nor night, but that from hell,

(♩. = ♩)

Then all must as they may In dark - ness learn to dwell. But yet this change, must -

— needs change our de-light, That thus the sun, that thus the sun the sun should —

har - bour with the night.

Mourn, mourn, day is with darkness fled.
 What heav'n then governs earth.
 O none, but hell in heaven's stead.
 Chokes with his mists our mirth.
 Mourn, mourn, look now for no more day
 Nor night, but that from hell,
 Then all must as they may
 In darkness learn to dwell.
 But yet this change, must needs change our delight.
 That thus the sun should harbour with the night.

VI. Time's eldest son, Old Age

(The first part)

Voice

Time's eld-est son, Old Age the heir of Ease, Strength's foe, Love's woe,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

and fos-ter to De-vo-tion, Bids gal-lant youths in mar-tial prow-ess please,

As for him-self, he hath no earth-ly mo-tion,

But thinks, sighs, tears, — vows, pray - ers, and sa - cri - fic - es, As

good as shows, masks, jousts, — or tilt de - - vis - es.

1

Time's eldest son, Old Age the heir of Ease,
 Strength's foe, Love's woe, and foster to Devotion,
 Bids gallant youth in martial prowess please,
 As for himself, he hath no earthly motion,
 But thinks, sighs, tears, vows, prayers, and sacrifices,
 As good as shows, masks, jousts, or tilt devises.

Editor's note: This song and the following two are treated as a through-composed sequence. They form a single whole.

VII. Then sit thee down

(The second part)

Voice

Then sit thee down, and say thy *Nunc* *Di-mit-tis*, With

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

De — pro-fun - dis, Cre - do, and Te De - um, Chant Mi-se-re - re for

what now so fit is, As that, or this, *Pa-ra-tum est* cor me - um,

O that thy Saint would take in worth thy heart, Thou _

canst not please her with a bet - ter part.

2

Then sit thee down, and say thy *Nunc Dimittis*,
 With *De profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te Deum*,
 Chant *Miserere* for what now so fit is,
 As that, or this, *Paratum est cor meum*,
 O that thy Saint would take in worth thy heart,
 Thou canst not please her with a better part.

VIII. When others sing *Venite*

(The third part)

Voice

When oth - ers sing *Ve - ni - - te ex - ul - te - mus,* Stand

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

by and turn to *No - li ae - mu - la - ri,* For *Qua-re fre-mu - e - runt* use *O - re - mus*

Vi - vat E - li - za *Vi - vat E - li - za* for an *A - ve - Ma - ri,*

And teach those swains that live a - bout thy cell, To say A -

men A - - - men when thou dost pray so well.

3

When others sing *Venite exultemus*,
 Stand by and turn to *Noli aemulari*,
 For *Quare fremuerunt* use *Oremus*
Vivat Eliza for an *Ave Mari*,
 And teach those swains that live about thy cell,
 To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

IX. Praise blindness eyes

Voice

Praise blind - ness eyes, for see - ing is de - ceit, Be dumb vain tongue, words are

Guitar
③ to F#
⑥ to D
Capo III

Lute

but flat - t'ring winds, Break heart and bleed for there is no re - ceipt, To purge in - con - stan-cy

from most men's minds. And so I wak'd a - maz'd and could not move,

I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

1

Praise blindness eyes, for seeing is deceit,
 Be dumb vain tongue, words are but flatt'ring winds,
 Break heart and bleed for there is no receipt,
 To purge inconstancy from most men's minds.

2

And if thine ears false heralds to thy heart,
 Convey into thy head hopes to obtain,
 Then tell thy hearing thou art deaf by art,
 Now love is art that wanted to be plain.

3

Now none is bald except they see his brains,
 Affection is not known till one be dead,
 Reward for love are labours for his pains,
 Love's quiver made of gold his shafts of lead.

L'envoy

And so I wak'd amaz'd and could not move,
 I know my dream was true, and yet I love.

X. O sweet woods

To Master Hugh Holland

Voice

O sweet woods the de-light of so - li - ta - ri-ness, O how much do I love your

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

so - li - ta - ri-ness. From Fame's de - sire, from Love's de-light re - tir'd,

In these sad groves — an her - mit's life I led, And those false plea - sures

which I once ad-mir'd, With sad re-mem-brance of my fall, my fall, I dread.

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the lyrics "which I once ad-mir'd, With sad re-mem-brance of my fall, my fall, I dread." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a basso continuo line in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains figured bass notation: a-c-a-c-c, d-c-a-b-a-c-a-c-a-e-c, c-a-d-c-a-e-e-c.

To birds, to trees, to earth, im-part I this,

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the lyrics "To birds, to trees, to earth, im-part I this,". The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a basso continuo line in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains figured bass notation: a-a-a-a-c-a-c-a-c-a-c-a-c-a-c.

For she less se-cret, and as sense-less is.

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains the lyrics "For she less se-cret, and as sense-less is." The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is a basso continuo line in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains figured bass notation: a-c-d-c-a-c, a-a-d-d-c, d-c-a-c-a-e-e-c.

1

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

From Fame's desire, from Love's delight retir'd,
In these sad groves an hermit's life I led,
And those false pleasures which I once admir'd,
With sad remembrance of my fall I dread,
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For she less secret, and as senseless is.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

2

Experience which repentance only brings,
Doth bid me now my heart from love estrange,
Love is disdain'd when it doth look at kings,
And love low-placed base and apt to change,
Their pow'r doth take from him his liberty,
Her want of worth makes him in cradle die.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

3

You men that give false worship unto love,
And seek that which you never shall obtain,
The endless work of Sisyphus you prove,
Whose end is this to know you strive in vain,
Hope and Desire which now your idols be,
You needs must lose and feel despair with me.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness.
O how much do I love your solitariness.

4

You woods in you the fairest nymphs have walk'd,
Nymphs at whose sight all hearts did yield to love,
You woods in whom dear lovers oft have talk'd,
How do you now a place of mourning prove,
Wanstead my mistress saith this is the doom,
Thou art Love's childbed, nursery and tomb.
O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much do I love your solitariness.

XI. If floods of tears . . .

XI. If floods of tears

Voice

If floods of tears could cleanse my fol-lies past, And smokes of sighs might sac -

Guitar at pitch

Lute

ri - fice for sin, If groan-ing _ cries might salve my fault at last, Or end-less

(d. = d)

moan, for _____ er - - - ror par - - - don win,

(♩ = ♩.)

Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ev - - er moan,

Mine er - rors, faults, sins, fol - lies, _____ past and gone.

1

If floods of tears could cleanse my follies past,
 And smokes of sighs might sacrifice for sin,
 If groaning cries might salve my fault at last,
 Or endless moan, for error pardon win,
 Then would I cry, weep, sigh, and ever moan,
 Mine errors, faults, sins, follies, past and gone.

2

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
 I see my favours are no lasting flow'rs,
 I see that words will breed no better good,
 Than loss of time and light'ning but at hours,
 Thus when I see, then thus I say therefore,
 That favours, hopes and words, can blind no more.

XII. Fine knacks for ladies

Voice

Fine knacks for la - dies, cheap choice brave and new.

Guitar
③ to F#
⑥ to D
Capo III

Lute

The first system of the musical score. The Voice staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are "Fine knacks for la - dies, cheap choice brave and new." The Guitar staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It includes fretting instructions: "③ to F#" and "⑥ to D", and "Capo III". The Lute staff is in C-clef (soprano position) with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains tablature with letters 'a', 'b', and 'c' indicating fret positions.

Good pen - ny - worths but mo - ney can - not move,

The second system of the musical score. The Voice staff continues the melody with the lyrics "Good pen - ny - worths but mo - ney can - not move,". The Guitar and Lute staves continue their accompaniment with tablature.

I keep a fair but for the fair to view, A beg - gar may be

The third system of the musical score. The Voice staff continues the melody with the lyrics "I keep a fair but for the fair to view, A beg - gar may be". The Guitar and Lute staves continue their accompaniment with tablature.

li - ber - al of love, Though all my wares be trash

the heart is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.

1

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap choice brave and new,
 Good pennyworths but money cannot move,
 I keep a fair but for the fair to view,
 A beggar may be liberal of love,
 Though all my wares be trash the heart is true.

2

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again,
 My trifles come, as treasures from my mind,
 It is a precious jewel to be plain,
 Sometimes in shell th'Orient's pearls we find,
 Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

3

Within this pack pins points laces and gloves,
 And divers toys fitting a country fair,
 But in my heart where duty serves and loves,
 Turtles and twins, Court's brood, a heav'nly pair,
 Happy the heart that thinks of no removes.

XIII. Now cease my wand'ring eyes

Voice

Now cease my wan-d'ring eyes, Strange beau-ties to ad-mire,

Guitar
③ to F#
⑥ to D
Capo III

Lute

In change least com - fort lies, Long joys yield long de - sire.

One faith, one love, Makes our frail plea - sures e - ter - nal, and in sweet - ness prove,

XIV. Come ye heavy states of night

Voice

Come — ye hea - vy states of night, Do — my —

Guitar

③ to F#

Capo III

Capo III

fa - ther's spir - it right, Sound - ings bale - - ful let me bor-row,

Bur - then - ing my song with sor - row,

Come Sor - row come her eyes that sings.

By thee are turn - ed in - to springs.

1

Come ye heavy states of night,
 Do my father's spirit right,
 Soundings baleful let me borrow,
 Burthening my song with sorrow,
 Come Sorrow come her eyes that sings,
 By thee are turned into springs.

2

Come you virgins of the night,
 That in dirges sad delight,
 Choir my anthems, I do borrow
 Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow,
 Come Sorrow come her eyes that sings,
 By thee are turned into springs.

XV. White as lilies was her face

Voice

White as li - lies was her face, When she smil - ed,

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

She be - guil - ed, Quit - ting faith with foul dis - grace, Vir - tue ser - vice

thus ne - glect - ed, Heart with sor - rows — hath in - fect-ed.

1

White as lilies was her face,
 When she smiled, she beguiled,
 Quitting faith with foul disgrace,
 Virtue service thus neglected,
 Heart with sorrows hath infected.

2

When I swore my heart her own,
 She disdained, I complained,
 Yet she left me overthown,
 Careless of my bitter groaning,
 Ruthless bent to no relieving.

3

Vows and oaths and faith assur'd,
 Constant ever, changing never,
 Yet she could not be procur'd,
 To believe my pains exceeding,
 From her scant neglect proceeding.

4

O that love should have the art,
 By surmises, and disguises,
 To destroy a faithful heart,
 Or that wanton-looking women,
 Should reward their friends as foemen.

5

All in vain is ladies' love
 Quickly choosed, shortly loosed,
 For their pride is to remove,
 Out alas their looks first won us,
 And their pride hath straight undone us.

6

To thyself the sweetest fair,
 Thou hast wounded, and confounded,
 Changeless faith with foul despair,
 And my service hath envied,
 And my succours hath denied.

7

By thine error thou hast lost,
 Heart unfeigned, Truth unstained,
 And the swain that loved most,
 More assur'd in love than many,
 More despis'd in love than any.

8

For my heart though set at nought,
 Since you will it, spoil and kill it,
 I will never change my thoughts,
 But grieve that Beauty e'er was borne.

[A fifth line does not appear in the original.]

XVI. Woeful heart

Voice

Woe - ful heart with grief op - press - ed, Since my for - tunes

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

most dis - tress - ed, From my joys hath me re - - mov - ed,

Fol - low those sweet eyes a - dor - ed, Those sweet eyes where -

in are stor-ed, All my plea - - - sures - best be - lov - ed.

1

Woeful heart with grief oppressed,
 Since my fortunes most distressed,
 From my joys hath me removed,
 Follow those sweet eyes adored,
 Those sweet eyes wherein are stored,
 All my pleasures best beloved.

2

Fly my breast, leave me forsaken,
 Wherein Grief his seat hath taken,
 All his arrows through me darting,
 Thou may'st live by her sun-shining,
 I shall suffer no more pining,
 By thy loss, than by her parting.

XVII. A shepherd in a shade

Voice

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

A Since shep-herd in a shade, his plain - ing made, Of love and
Since love and for - tune will, I ho - nour still, Your fair and

lov - er's wrong, Un - to the fair - est lass that trod on grass, And thus be - gan
love - ly eye, What con-quest will it be, sweet nymph for thee, If I for sor -

his song. Re - store, re - store my heart a - gain, Which
row die.

love by thy sweet looks hath slain, Lest that enforc'd by your disdain, I

sing, Fie fie on love, fie fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

1

A shepherd in a shade, his plaining made,
 Of love and lover's wrong,
 Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
 And thus began his song.
 Since love and fortune will, I honour still,
 Your fair and lovely eye.
 What conquest will it be, sweet nymph for thee,
 If I for sorrow die.
 Restore, restore my heart again,
 Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain.
 Lest that enforc'd by your disdain, I sing,
 Fie fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

2

My heart where have you laid, O cruel maid,
 To kill when you might save,
 Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
 Without a tomb or grave.
 O let it be entomb'd and lie,
 In your sweet mind and memory,
 Lest I resound on every warbling string,
 Fie fie on love, that is a foolish thing.

XVIII. Faction that ever dwells

Voice

Fac - tion that ev - er dwells, In Court where wits ex -

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

cels, Hath set de - - fi - ance, For - tune and Love hath sworn, That

they were ne - ver born, Of one al - li - ance.

* no barline in voice

1

Faction that ever dwells,
In Court where wits excels,
Hath set defiance,
Fortune and Love hath sworn,
That they were never born,
Of one alliance.

2

Fortunes swears, weakest hearts
The book of Cupid's arts
Turn with her wheel,
Senses themselves shall prove
Venture her place in love
Ask them that feel.

3

This discord it begot
Atheist, that Honour not
Nature thought good,
Fortune should ever dwell
In Court where wits excel
Love keep the wood.

4

So to the wood went I
With Love to live and die
Fortune forlorn,
Experience of my youth
Made me think humble Truth
In desert born.

5

My Saint is dear to me,
And Joan herself is she
Joan fair and true,
Joan that doth ever move,
Passions of love with love
Fortune adieu.

XIX. Shall I sue

Voice

Shall I sue shall I seek for grace? Shall I pray shall I prove?

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

Shall I strive to a heav'n - ly joy, With an earth - ly love?

Shall I think that a bleed - ing heart Or a wound - ed eye,

Or a sigh can as - cend the clouds To at - tain so high.

1

Shall I sue shall I seek for grace?
 Shall I pray shall I prove?
 Shall I strive to a heav'nly joy,
 With an earthly love?
 Shall I think that a bleeding heart
 Or a wounded eye.
 Or a sigh can ascend the clouds
 To attain so high.

2

Silly wretch forsake these dreams,
 Of a vain desire,
 O bethink what high regard,
 Holy hopes do require.
 Favour is as fair as things are,
 Treasure is not bought,
 Favour is not won with words,
 Nor the wish of a thought.

3

Pity is but a poor defence.
 For a dying heart,
 Ladies' eyes respect no moan,
 In a mean desert.
 She is too worth fair,
 For a worth so base,
 Cruel and but just is she,
 In my just disgrace.

4

Justice gives each man his own,
 Though my love be just,
 Yet will not she pity my grief.
 Therefore die I must.
 Silly heart then yield to die.
 Perish in despair,
 Witness yet how fain I die.
 When I die for the fair.

XX. Toss not my soul

Voice

Toss not my soul, O Love 'twixt hope and fear, Show

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Lute

me some - ground where I may firm - - ly stand Or sure - ly fall,

I care not which ap - pear, So

one will close me in a cer - - tain band.

L'envoy

When once of ill the ut - - ter - most is

known. The strength of sor - row quite is ov - - er - thrown.

1

Toss not my soul, O Love 'twixt hope and fear,
 Show me some ground where I may firmly stand
 Or surely fall, I care not which appear,
 So one will close me in a certain band.

L'envoy

When once of ill the uttermost is known,
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

2

Take me Assurance to thy blissful hold,
 Or thou Despair unto thy darkest cell.
 Each hath full rest, the one in joys enrolled,
 Th'other, in that he fears no more, is well:

L'envoy

When once of ill the uttermost is known,
 The strength of sorrow quite is overthrown.

XXI. Clear or cloudy . . .

XXI. Clear or cloudy

Voice

Clear or cloud - y sweet as A - pril show'r - ing.

Guitar
③ to F#
Capo III

Voice

Smooth or frown - ing so _____ is her face to me, Pleas'd or smil - ing

like mild May all flow'r - ing, When skies blue silk and mea - dows - car-pets - be. Her

speech - es notes of that night-bird that sing - eth. Who thought all

sweet yet jar - ring notes out - ring - eth. Her eth.

1
 Clear or cloudy sweet as April show'ring,
 Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
 Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring,
 When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,
 Her speeches notes of that night-bird that singeth,
 Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes out-ringeth.

2
 Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimm'd,
 In best attire of complete beauty's height,
 Her love again like summer's days be dimm'd,
 With little clouds of doubtful constant faith,
 Her trust her doubt, like rain and heat in skies,
 Gently thund'ring, she lightning to mine eyes.

3
 Sweet-Summer-spring that breatheth life and growing,
 In weeds as into healing herbs and flow'rs,
 And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
 Some haply seeming and some being yours,
 Rain on your herbs and flow'rs that truly serve,
 And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.

XXIa. Clear or cloudy

Voice

Clear or cloud - y sweet as A - pril show'r - ing,

Guitar at pitch ⑥ to D

Voice

The first system of the musical score for 'Clear or cloudy' features three staves. The top staff is for the voice, written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Clear or cloud - y sweet as A - pril show'r - ing,' are written below the staff. The middle staff is for the guitar, also in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a series of chords and single notes, with a circled '6' and 'to D' indicating a specific fretting or tuning. The bottom staff is a second voice part, written in bass clef, with notes labeled with letters 'a', 'c', 'e', and 'b'.

Smooth or frown - ing so - - is her face to me, Pleas'd or smil - ing

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. The voice staff shows a more complex melodic line with some ties. The guitar staff continues with chords and single notes. The bottom staff continues with notes labeled with letters 'a', 'c', 'e', and 'b'.

like mild May all flow'r - ing, When skies blue silk and mea - dows - car-pets - be, Her

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The voice staff features a final melodic phrase. The guitar staff includes some triplets and complex chordal textures. The bottom staff continues with notes labeled with letters 'a', 'c', 'e', and 'b'.

speech - es notes of that night - bird that sing - eth, Who thought all

sweet yet jar - ring notes out - ring - - eth. Her eth.

1
 Clear or cloudy sweet as April show'ring,
 Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
 Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring,
 When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,
 Her speeches notes of that night-bird that singeth,
 Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes out-ringeth.

2
 Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimm'd,
 In best attire of complete beauty's height,
 Her love again like summer's days be dimm'd,
 With little clouds of doubtful constant faith,
 Her trust her doubt, like rain and heat in skies,
 Gently thund'ring, she lightning to mine eyes.

3
 Sweet-Summer-spring that breatheth life and growing,
 In weeds as into healing herbs and flow'rs,
 And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
 Some haply seeming and some being yours,
 Rain on your herbs and flow'rs that truly serve,
 And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.

XXII. Humour say what mak'st thou here

a Dialogue

Cantus

Voice (Cantus) Hu - mour say what mak'st thou here, In the pre - sence of a Queen,

Voice (Bassus) Prin - ces

Guitar (3 to F# Capo III)

Lute

Bassus

hold con-keit most dear, All con - keit in hu - mour seen. **Cantus** Thou art a

Bassus

hea - vy lead - en mood, Hu-mour is in - ven - tion's food.

Cantus (♩ = ♩.)

But nev-er Hu - mour yet was true. But that but that but that that that

Bassus

But nev-er Hu - mour yet was true. But that but that but that that that that

(♩ = ♩.)

that that that that which on - ly on - ly pleas - eth you.

that that that that which on - ly pleas - eth you.

1
Cantus: Humour say what mak'st thou here.
 In the presence of a Queen,
Bassus: Princes hold conceit most dear.
 All conceit in humour seen.
Cantus: Thou art a heavy leaden mood.
Bassus: Humour is invention's food.
Both: But never Humour yet was true,
 But that which only pleaseth you.

2
Cantus: O, I am as heavy as earth,
 Say then who is Humour now.
Bassus: I am now inclined to mirth.
 Humour I as well as thou.
Cantus: Why then 'tis I am drowned in woe.
Bassus: No, no Wit is cherish'd so.
Both: But never Humour yet was true,
 But that which only pleaseth you.

3
Cantus: Mirth then is drown'd in Sorrow's brim.
 O, in sorrow all things sleep.
Bassus: No, no fool the light'st things swim.
 Heavy things sink to the deep.
Cantus: In her presence all things smile.
Bassus: Humour frolic then awhile.
Both: But never Humour yet was true,
 But that which only pleaseth you.

Dowland's adieu for Master Oliver Cromwell

Guitar
③ to F#
(Capo III)

The image displays a guitar score for the piece 'Dowland's adieu for Master Oliver Cromwell'. The score is written on seven staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The notation includes various musical elements such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and chords. A capo is indicated at the third fret, and the key signature is F#. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

END OF EDITION